

GREEN
HORNET

MARCH NO. 17



GREEN HORNET

COMICS

ON THE
AIR
IN THE
MOVIE!



READ THE STORY
BEHIND THE COVER

NAZIS*
LAST STAND

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE
SPRIT OF '76
TWINKLE TWINS

ZEBRA

SCHOMBURG

4 Smash-hit comics

THAT TOP THEM ALL!!

TO BE SPECIFIC,
THEY'RE TERRIFIC!
NEVER BEFORE
SUCH PULSE-
THROBBING ACTION
STORIES!!



INCLUDING THE
SENSATIONAL
HIT... BOY HEROES!

NEW
ISSUES
**JUST
OUT!**
GET YOUR
COPIES NOW!



on the
air...
in the
movies!

*it's the story
that counts!*

...AND HERE ARE
THE STORIES THAT HEAD
YOUR HIT PARADE FOR
EXCITEMENT AND ACTION!
EVERY ONE A SMASH SOCKEROO!
THAT WILL KEEP YOU GUESSING
UNTIL THE LAST PAGE! THESE
STORIES SATISFY... WE KNOW,
BECAUSE THEY ARE THE STORIES
YOU DEMAND!! THE TOP ARTISTS
AND WRITERS HAVE COMBINED
THEIR TALENTS TO GIVE YOU THE
VERY BEST IN COMIC FICTION!



THIS
ISSUE IS
A WOW!!

BE SMART! TAKE A TIP! BECAUSE
OF WAR RESTRICTIONS ONLY A FEW COPIES TO EACH
DEALER GET YOUR COPIES FIRST !!!

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COOPED FROM THE VAST OPEN PIT MINES ALONG THE GREAT LAKES, HIGH GRADE IRON ORE IS SHIPPED BY HUGE ORE BOATS TO THE STEEL MILLS! BUT ALL MUST BE DONE IN EIGHT MONTHS... BEFORE WINTER ICE CLOSES THE LAKE!

TO THE MIND COMES BRITT REID, FAMED AND FEARLESS PUBLISHER...



AREN'T YOU MR. MACKENZIE, MINE MANAGER? I'M BRITT REID... I'D LIKE SOME INFORMATION ON YOUR PART IN THE WAR EFFORT...

HARRUMPH! OUT OF MY WAY!!



ER... I'VE COME A LONG WAY, MR. MACKENZIE! MY NEWSPAPER, PUBLIC WOULD LIKE ...

PUBLIC? WAR EFFORT? BAN! HUMBBUG!



STRANGE OLD CHARACTER! HMM... OH... WHO'S THIS?

HELLO, THERE! WAIT UP A MINUTE! HOLD ON!



MY NAME'S ROLFE STEWIG! I SEE MACKENZIE GAVE YOU THE BRUSHOFF! I'M HIS ASSISTANT!

THEN, PERHAPS YOU CAN GIVE ME SOME INFO FOR MY PAPER!



WELL, YES I CAN! B-BUT DON'T TELL MACKENZIE... OR I'LL LOSE MY JOB!

THANKS, THANKS A LOT... HEY! LOOK!!



EVEN BEFORE THE ECHO OF THE THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION CEASES REVERBERATING...FROM ALL SIDES!



WH--WHAT HAPPENED?

OOOH! DA SHIP... IT BLOWN ITSELF UP!

STEWIS! COME ON! TROUBLE!

YOU'RE NOT KIDDING, MR. REID!

ABRUPTLY...A SECOND...EVEN MORE DEVASTATING DETONATION!!



WHAM!

WHAM!

WHOOOM!

IMMEDIATELY AFTER... PANDEMONIUM!



OWW! THIS IS T-TERRIBLE--!

EASY...EASY DOLFE...AND IT'S DOUBLY TERRIBLE BECAUSE IT WAS NO ACCIDENT!

LISTEN! I KNOW FOR A FACT...THAT THREE OTHER ORE SHIPS HAVE BLOWN UP HERE!



H--HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT? ...ON-N! HERE COMES MACKENZIE, MY B-BOSS! REMEMBER...I-I DIDN'T SAY A WORD!

AHA! THE SNOOPIN' REPORTER, EH? I'LL TEACH YOU TO PRY ABOUT MY ORE FIELDS!

DROP THAT CAN! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR ARROGANCE! NOW YOU'LL ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS FROM ME!



NOW HOW ABOUT THE OTHER THREE SHIP EXPLOSIONS? YOU KEPT THAT SECRET...BUT I KNOW IT WAS SABOTAGE!

HAW! HAW! SABOTAGE! HE SAYS...HAW! HAW...SABOTAGE! WHY, YOU YOUNG SMART ALEX... OF COURSE IT WAS ACCIDENTAL!

HAW! HAW! HAW!

TELL ME... THERE WAS AN INVESTIGATION INTO POSSIBILITIES OF SABOTAGE, OF COURSE? WHAT WAS THE VERDICT, STEWIS?

NO PROOF OF SABOTAGE FOUND! I THOUGHT IT WAS... AND HE LAUGHED AT ME, TOO! I DON'T LIKE THAT, EITHER!



THAT NIGHT...
OUT FROM
THE SHORE
OF ONE OF THE
GREAT LAKES...
A BOAT CARRYING
THE RENOWNED
GREEN-GARBED
GRAPPLER FOR
RIGHT...



...MIGHTY GREEN HORNET...AND HIS
FAITHFUL ASSISTANT...KATO...

SHH, KATO! DON'T FORGET...KEEP
PUMPING ME AIR WHILE I'M
BELOW!

WILL DO!



A FEW
MOMENTS
LATER...
FATHOMS
BELOW...



HMM...NOTHING
OUT OF PLACE
HERE! I'LL TAKE A
PEEK AT THE
BOILERS!



WITHOUT WARNING...
CATASTROPHE!

AAAGH!

Air...NO
Air.



OWNNN



LATER...



...UP ON THE SURFACE...
NEAR-TRAGEDY!

OHNNNN...
F-FROM BEHIND, I
WH-WHAT
HAPPENED,
K-KATO!
GET HIT ON HEAD-
NO CAN PUMP
ANYMORE... CAME
TO JUST IN TIME!



SHORTLY AFTER...

I'M O.K. NOW, KATO...
THANKS TO YOU!
WOW! LOOK! OUT THERE...
A CANE!

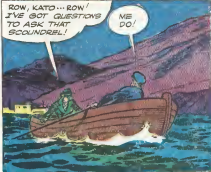


KATO...THIS CANE /MR. BRITT.
WALLOPED YOU!
AND IT BELONGS
TO MACKENZIE!
THAT
MEAN
HE...



ROW, KATO... ROW!
I'VE GOT QUESTIONS
TO ASK THAT
SCOUNDREL!

ME
DO!



SUDDENLY...OUT OF THE NIGHT...WINGED
MEMBERS OF DEATH!

OH! DUCK,
KATO...
BULLETS!

AND
HOW!



HMM...A LUGER PISTOL!
THAT'S A GERMAN
MAKE! AND RIGHT
BY MACKENZIE'S
SHACK! LET'S
CALL ON HIM!

LIGHT
OUT INSIDE,
MR. BRITT! MAYBE
HE NO HOME!



IN THE MOON-
LESS SHROUD
OF NIGHT...
CAREFUL
SEARCH FOR
MYSTERIOUS
ASSASSIN...
BUT, THEN...

A MOMENT LATER...HORROR!!

I'LL PUT ON
THE LIGHTS, AND
THE... OHH!
GOOD
GRIER!

MR. BRITT!
LOOK!





WELL...THIS CERTAINLY KNOCKS MY DEDUCTIONS INTO A COCKED HAT! WHAT'S THAT IN HIS HAND?

...PIECE OF TORN PAPER ... SEE?

HMM...OLD MACKENZIE WAS BUMPED OFF BY HIS NAZI BOSSSES... PROBABLY BECAUSE THEY WERE AFRAID I'D GET HIM TO TALK! ...AND THAT'S WHY THEY JUST TRIED TO KILL US!

You have outlived your usefulness to the Reich! Tonight you will die!



A MOMENT LATER...OUTSIDE...

I'M GOING TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THOSE WRECKED... GREAT GUNS! ANOTHER ONE!

OOH... THAT MAN, MR. BRITT! HE HOLD GUN!



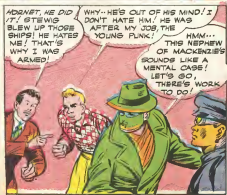
...AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

OH-N-H!

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! I'M MACKENZIE'S NEPHEW! THEY'RE AFTER ME! THEY'LL KILL ME!

SPEAK, MAN! WHO'LL KILL YOU?

G. GREEN HORNET... WHERE?



ADRNET, HE DID IT! STEWIS BLEW UP THOSE SHIPS! HE HATES ME! THAT'S WHY I WAS ARMED!

WHY... HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND! I DON'T HATE HIM! HE WAS AFTER MY JOB, THE YOUNG PUNK!

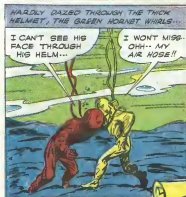
HMM... THIS NEPHEW OF MACKENZIE'S SOUNDS LIKE A MENTAL CASE! LET'S GO, THERE'S WORK TO DO!



GATER... IN THE DAWN'S WEE HOURS... ONCE AGAIN A LITHE, MUSCULAR FIGURE IS LOWERED TO THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE...



THE GREEN HORNET!





A FEW MOMENTS LATER....



THAT SAME
DAY; VERY
MUCH LATER...

... ON AN
ORE BOAT
AWAITING ITS
CARGO UNDER
THE HOPPERS...



WATCHING THE
LOADING IS MY
LAST BST, AND...
WH...WHAT'S
THAT?



Q. SWIFT LEAP INTO THE MOLD

GOOD GRIEF...
A BOMB!
THAT'S IT!!



THE TOP
COMES OFF...
HMM... SULPHURIC
ACID AND POTASSIUM
CHLORATE... NOW I
KNOW HOW... HUH?
OH... IT'S YOU!!

YES, IT'S
ME, HORNET!
TOO BAD THE
DISCOVERY
WILL DO YOU
NO GOOD!



Ohhh!
MY
EYES!!

MORE THAN
YOUR EYES'LL
HURT SOON!
STEWG!



A HARSH LAUGH, AND THE AVALANCHE OF ORE
BEGINS AGAIN!



I'VE GOT TO...
THIS ACID...IT
OUGHT TO DO
IT!!

BUT THEN....

DIRTY DEMOCRATIC
DOG! YOU WILL NEVER
LIVE LONG ENOUGH!

THINK SO?
I'LL...
OHHH!





SPIRIT of 76



AFTER SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETING THEIR MISSION TO RUSSIA, CADETS GARY BLAKELY AND TUBBY REYNOLDS ARE ORDERED TO AFRICA ... AT AN AIRPORT DEEP IN THE KUBAN, THEY ARE ASSIGNED TO AN AMERICAN BOMBER AND WISHED GODSPEED BY THEIR SOVIET FRIENDS....

GOODBYE, TOVARICH !!
LIEUTENANT VON KRAMER IS
TO BE YOUR PILOT... GOODBYE
AND GOOD LUCK !!

THANK YOU! GOOD-
BYE!

JA!...COME
ALONG...IT IS
GETTING LATE!

RIGHTO, LIEUTENANT !! WE'RE
RIGHT BEHIND YOU !!... PEST!!
GARY !! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS
OF THAT GUY !! MAYBE
HE'S A SPY !!

OH, NONSENSE!!...
COME ON !!... LET'S
GET GOING!

WELL, HERE WE GO, TUB!!...
ON OUR WAY HOME AT
LAST !!



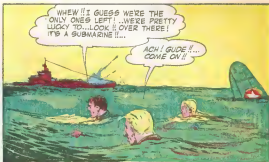


HE KNOCKED OFF OUR
TAIL!! HOLD THAT!! WE'RE
GOING TO **CRASH!!**



WHEW!! I GUESS WE'RE THE
ONLY ONES LEFT!!...WE'RE PRETTY
LUCKY TO...LOOK!! OVER THERE!
IT'S A SUBMARINE!!...

ACH!! GUDE!!...
COME ON!!



ACHTUNG--HALT!! WE HAF
YOU COVERED... APPROACH
SLOWLY UND SURRENDER!!--
VORNARTS!!



WAIT!! IT MAY BE A NAZI!
SUB!! VON KRAMER!!...WAIT!!...

NIEN!!... IT IS BRITISH!
THERE ARE NO MORE NAZI
U-BOATS LEFT IN DER
MEDITERRANEAN!!
COME ON!!



HO! HO! HO!... ENEMY, HANS?
WE'RE... DON'T BE FOOL!!... I
JOINED DER AMERICAN ARMY
TO GET MORE INFORMA-
TION FOR DER FUEHRER!!...
I THOUGHT YOU KNEW DOT,
HANS!! HEIL
HITLER!!

VAS 199??
JA---OH, JA---
HEIL HITLER!!



YOU CAPTIVES THERE!--YOU
VILL--YELL!! IF IT ISN'T MY
COUSIN KARL!!...VOT A
PLEASANT SURPRIZE!! ACH!!
IT'S A SHAME DOT YOU ARE
AN ENEMY, KARL...WE
COULD TALK OEFER
OLD TIMES!!



'BRITISH SUBMARINE OH YEAH??
THAT DOPE! SAY!.. I WONDER IF
HE DELIBERATELY LED US
TO IT?'

I TOLD
YA HE WAS
A SPY!



YOU DIRTY STINKIN' SPY!! IF I
ACHTUNG!! EVER, GET MY HANDS
THROW DOSE TWO ON YOU...ILL...
INTO MY CABIN!
KARL!! YOU
COME WIT' ME!!





OKAY?...OKAY!
STOP PUSHING, YA
BUCKET HEAD!

THREE MINUTES LATER...

THERE!!...OH BOY!!...NOW
WE'LL SHOW 'EM!



I'M GOING TO PULL AN
ANCIENT GAS — AND PRAY
IT WORKS! GET
READY TO YELL!!



THAT... THAT... BY GODFREY, I
WISH I HAD SAVED MY BAG LIKE
YOU DID!!... THEN I'D

...BECOME THE
SPIRIT OF '76 AND
GET US OUT OF
HERE ??...



AS NEARLY AS I CAN
FIGURE, IF WE CAN GET
OUT AND CLOSE UP THE AD-
JOINING COMPARTMENT, WE CAN
SHUT OFF THE REST OF THE CREW
AND THEN GET INTO THE CONNING
TOWER AND SETTLE WITH THAT
RAT!!

YEAH!!—N IF WE
CAPTURE THE
CAPTAIN MAYBE WE
CAN TAKE OVER
THE SUB!!



GOSH! WHAT'LL
WE DO NOW?



HUN ?? I...TUBBY!...YOU...
KNOW ??!

SURE!!...I'VE
KNOWN FOR A LONG
TIME!... AND THIS IS
YOUR BAG!!... I FIGURED
YOU'D NEED IT!! COME ON!
... GET DRESSED! THE
SPIRIT OF '76 HAS
WORK TO DO!!



ACHTUNG!!—
ALLIED SHIP OFF THE
PORT BOW — PREPARE TO
TORPEDO IT!!—

LISTEN!!— IT'S THE
PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM!
THEY'VE SIGHTED A SHIP AND
ARE GOING TO TORPEDO IT!!



WAS IST DES
KAPITANS KABINE
BRENNT! WIR
MUESSEN DAS
FEUR LOESCHEN!

HELP!!
FIRE!!
FIRE!!





MEANWHILE... ACH!! A
NICE FAT JUICY FREIGHTER!
ONE TORPEDO AMID SHIPS
UND POOF!!...
ACH, HANS!... NO SHIP!
DON'T BE A
FOOL!!



FOOL??...NOT DO YOU MEAN?? HA??
WHY WASTE YOUR
TORPEDOES ON ONE
MEASLY HULK?...SAVE
THEM!! LISTEN!! I KNOW OF
A HUGE CONVOY UND
I'LL TELL YOU
WHERE IT IS--
BUT FIRST DIS-
MISS YOUR MEN.



THIS INFORMATION IS SO IMPORTANT!
I CAN TRUST NOBODY!!...
GEHEN SIE SOFORT
UNTER DECK - UND KOMMEN
SIE NICHT ZURÜCK BIS ICH
SIE RUFE!
JA, HERR
COMMANDANT!!

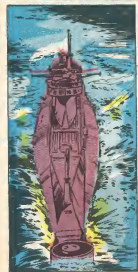
NOW, KARL?...WHAT...
UH??... KARL!
AWWK!



NOW YOU...HEY!!...WHAT IN--?
DID YOU KNOCK OUT
THE CAPTAIN?
SURE!
ALL GERMANS
AREN'T NAZIS--UND
ANYWAY, I'M AN
AMERICAN!!



I'VE GOT A PLAN TO
CAPTURE THIS U-BOAT!
I'LL PRETEND I'M THE
CAPTAIN AND MAKE
THEM SURFACE!---
SOFORT VORBEREITEN
ZUM AUF TAUCHEN!



THAT DID IT!...NOW IF ONLY AN
ALLIED SHIP... LOOK!!
THERE!! A BRITISH
PATROL PLANE!!



GOOD LORD!!
HE'S BOMBING
US!



LOOK OUT!! OOOO!!
MISSED! BUT NOT
BY MUCH!!



GOOD GOSH! HE'S COMING
OVER AGAIN!! WE'VE GOT
TO DO SOMETHING FAST!!!!
IF ONLY WE HAD A
WHITE FLAG!!

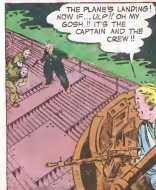


HEY!! SPIRIT OF
76!! HERE!! USE
THIS!!



WHAT?? BOY!!...YOU SURE
GAVE YOUR ALL, TUBBY!!...AT
LEAST THEY'RE WHITE!!

THE
PLANE'S
VEERING
OFF!!



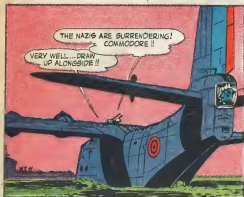
THE PLANE'S LANDING!
NOW IF... OOPS!! OH MY
GOSH!! IT'S THE
CAPTAIN AND THE
CREW!!



HEY! THEY'RE SHOOTING
AT US!!



WELL, SHOOT
BACK, MAN!!...THIS
IS FOR
KEEPS!!



THE NAZIS ARE SURRENDERING!
COMMODORE !!

VERY WELL...DRAW
UP ALONGSIDE !!



ANDY !! KEEP YOUR ARMS
UP AND GO AFT--- WHERE'S
YOUR CAPTAIN ?---



HE'S DEAD, SIR !. I AM LIEUT.
VON KRAMER, USAAF AND THIS
IS CADET REYNOLDS AND---
AND---



YES ?... AND ??

TUBBY !..WHAT
HAPPENED TO THAT
STRANGER ?...AND
WHERE IS
GARY ??

HUH ?



H...HELLO, BEN !!
W...WHAT HAPPENED ?

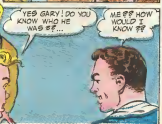


WHAT HAPPENED ?
WHY YOU KNOW VERY
WELL THAT...

THAT I
WAS KNOCKED
OUT WHEN WE
FIRST BROKE OUT
OF THE CAPTAIN'S
CABIN !...GAY ! AND WHO
WAS THAT FELLOW I SAW
DIVE OVERBOARD
AND DISAPPEAR ?



THAT MUST'VE
BEEN THE MASK-
ED STRANGER !
WHO WAS HE ?



YES GARY ! DO YOU
KNOW WHO HE
WAS ??...

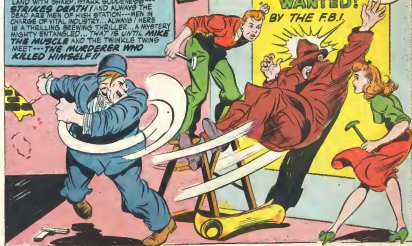
ME ?? HOW
WOULD I
KNOW ??

Twinkle TWINS

LIKE WHEAT BEFORE A MOWER... ALL OVER OUR LAND WITH SHARP, STARK SUDDENESS---**STRIKES DEATH!** (AND ALWAYS THE DEAD ARE MEN OF HIGH STATION---MEN IN CHARGE OF VITAL INDUSTRY... ALWAYS / HERE IS A THRILLING BREWING THRILLER... A MYSTERY MIGHTY ENTANGLED... THAT IS UNTIL **MIKE THE MUSCLE** AND THE TWINKLE TWINS MEET---**THE MURDERER WHO KILLED HIMSELF!!**)

WANTED!
BY THE F.B.I.

AND
MIKE
THE
MUSCLE



ON A BUSY STREET LIES A DISCARDED NEWSPAPER AND...

ANOTHER MURDER! SAY, KIDS, DIS SITUASHUN'S GETTIN' WORDER! LOOKIT DAT!

GEE! LOOK WHAT IT SAYS HERE ON THE SOCIETY PAGE, DIANA!

OOH! AMOS BAXTER IS GIVING A COSTUME BALL TONIGHT! AND HE'S A HEAD OF THE BAXTER MANUFACTURING COMPANY. THEY MAKE THE FAMOUS BAXTER FIGHTER PLANES!

GEE! DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'S NEXT--

YEAH! JEET WOT I WUZ TINKIN'!

OH-H, DAN! HOW AWFUL!

HEY! YOU'RE TWO-BIT UP OFF--HUH! AMOS BAXTER?



LATER
THAT
SAME
AFTER-
NOON---
OUTSIDE
THE
SCHOOL
YARD--
TEARS!

OHH-H-H!
BILLY! I
CAN'T BEAR
IT!

SAY, KIDS! WHAT'S
WRONG? MAYBE DIANA
AND I CAN HELP YOU
TWO!

GOSH!
SOMETHING'S
REALLY WRONG!

AW, CMON!
WE'RE YOUR
FRIENDS! YOU
CAN TELL US,
HUM, SIS?

GOSH, YES!

IT'S ABOUT OUR
DAD... WE'RE
SO SCARED HE
MIGHT BE
MURDERED!

OOO-OH!

BUT THAT'S
SILLY! WHAT
MAKES YOU
THINK YOUR
DAD'LL BE
MUR-**UH?**

HE'S AMOS BAXTER
I'M BILLY BAXTER AND
THIS'S MY TWIN, BETTY.
WE HEARD DAD TELL
MOTHER HE'S NEXT ON
COUNT KUHN'S LIST!
TO BE MURDERED!
DAD GOT A LETTER
WARNING HIM!

YOU DON'T KNOW **DAD!**
HE'S STUBBORN! HE
DOESN'T SCARE EASILY.
HE LAUGHED AT THIS
LETTER---BUT MOTHER
IS **AWFULLY** WORRIED!
SHE WANTED TO CALL
OFF OUR FAMOUS
BALL TONIGHT.

AN HOUR LATER---

SURE! THE
BAXTER TWINS AND
THAT'S EXACTLY
WHAT HAPPENED
MIKE! THEN THEY
WALKED AWAY---
SORT OF SAD-LIKE

K'IM DAT SO!
BAXTER TWINS,
HUM? DAT'S
REAL INTERESTIN'--
AFTER ALL DESE
MOJGERS! WOTTA
WE GON' TA DO,
HUM?

BUT WHY DOESN'T
HE GO TO THE
POLICE?

WELL, THANKS
ANYWAY SO LONG!

EARLY THAT EVENING IN THE SAME
ROOM OF THE BAXTER MANSION
---SILENTLY---

AHH! I DON'T FEEL
LIKE PLAYING---
HOW ABOUT YOU,
BETTY?

NO BILLY,
I DON'T
EITHER, FEEL SO---

ABRUPTLY--A CLICK OF
A SWITCH--A DARK
ROOM---

WHAT!

OOH-H!

UPSTAIRS IN THE BUTLER'S PANTRY---
SILENTLY.... VICIOUSLY...

OHH--HH!

WHILE UPSTAIRS, THE BAXTER'S FAMED BALL BEGINS...

RIGHT DIS WAY FER DE
BALL, FOLKSIES! STEP
RIGHT IN! HURRY, HURRY!

MY DEAR, WHAT
A STRANGE BUTLER
THE BAXTERS
HAVE!

QUIT ACTING LIKE A
CIRCUS BARKER---
MIKE! YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO BE A SWANKY
BUTLER!

YA MEAN I AIN'T DOIN'
ALL RIGHT? I'M GOIN'
TO LOOK AROUND!

A FEW HILARIOUS MOMENTS AFTER...

A TOAST! LET'S DRINK
A TOAST TO OUR HOST
AND HIS NEW FIGHTER
PLANE!! CATCH EVERY-
BODY! DRINK!

ER--AH!
REALLY
NOW, I
DON'T
DESERVE
THIS!

ABRUPTLY---STARK HORROR

HERE'S TO
VICTORY--AND--
AAAAGGH-H!

BAXTER!
HE'S BEEN
POISONED!
COUNT VON KUHN
WAS STECK
AGAIN! MIKE!
DIANA!

WE'VE GOT TO GET
HIM AN ANTIDOTE!
HE HAS A CHANCE!

OH WHERE
DID MIKE
GO B!

BELOW--IN THE SAME ROOM--MEAN-
WHILE--A DIFFERENT SCENE

OH--WHO HIT
ME---UH---
WHERE AM I?

MMNPF! DOSE
KIDS OVER DER
I GOTTA GET
TO DEN--DEY
CAN LOOSIN
THESE KNOTS!

LIKE A CLUMSY, SELF
PROPELLED BARREL, MIKE
ROTATES HIS BULK!

MMNPF! HOPE DESE KIDS
GOT BRAINS ENOUGH TA
SEE I WANT DEN TA UN-
TIE ME HANDS--(PUFF-PUFF!)

OH-H! I GET IT!
HE WANT ME
TO UNTIE HIM!

ABOVESTAIRS, MEANTIME---

COME, BILLY, BETTY! WE'LL HAVE
THE BUTLER MIX SOME EGG-WHITES
FOR AN ANTIDOTE!

SH! SHE
THINKS--
WE'RE HER
KIDS!

SUDDENLY! A HORRIBLE REVELATION!

WHA---WHY, YOU'RE NOT MY BUTLER!
 AH! CORRECT! I AM NOT YOUR BUTLER, MADAM! I AM **COUNT VON KUHN!**
 I THOUGHT IT WAS MIKE POSING AS THE BUTLER!



INTO ACTION GO THE MASKED TWINKLE TWINS---BUT---

DIANA! LET'S GO! GET THIS DIRTY NAZI MURDER---
OOPH!

TRUFEL! SUCH FOOLISH CHILDREN OPPOSING ME! HERE!

WHY, YOU--



A SWIFT AND BRUTAL BLOW!!

THIS WILL QUIET YOU BRATS!
DAN! LOOK OUT--OOPH!

THEN...LABORIOUS, HAND-OVER-HAND ASCENT--AS MIKE THE MUSCLE FINDS BULK A DISPLEASURE!

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, MISTER! YOU TAKE MORE ROOM THAN AN ELEPHANT!
 OKAY! OKAY, BRAT! ONLY HURRY ME BACKBONE'S BUSTED!



AN INSTANT LATER...

NOW GAS FOR THESE THREE--FOR INTERRUPTING MY PLANS!

CUT IN THE BALLROOM--PUZZLED ALARM--

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE THEY TOOK MR BAXTER UP TO HIS BED ROOM!

HAS ANYONE SEEN MRS BAXTER AND HER CHILDREN?



DOWN IN THE GAME ROOM--

FOIST YOUR HELPS MIGHT FREE! DEN WOT'S DEN DIS BLANKETY DOOR'S GOTTA BE LOCKED--FRUM DE OUTSIDE! HUH?

WE MIGHT MAKE IT UP ON THE DUMBWAITER!



UPSTAIRS IN THE BEDROOM--A GHOSTLY SURPRISE!!

OH--HH! MR BAXTER-- HE'S GONE!



AND THEN—AS THE LONG-OVERDUE ANTIDOTE ARRIVED, IN THE HANDS OF THE BUTLER...

OH! WHERE IS MR BAXTER'S BODY? I BROUGHT THE ANTIDOTE AND—

IT'S THE BUTLER! MY GOOD MAN! MR. BAXTER HAS DISAPPEARED!



WILE IN ANOTHER WING OF THE MANSION—FOUL, FEARFUL FUMES!!

HERE'S OUR BUTLER'S RANTRY—OH!! (COUGH) IT'S MOTHER!

GAB! AN' OH!! (THE TWINKLE TWINS) DEAD!!



AW-W/ WHY'D DIS KRAFT HAPPEN? D-DEY WUZ GOOD LIL KIDLETS (SNIFF) W-WHY'D DEY CONK OUT ON POOR OL MIKE (SNIFF)?

OPEN IT WIDE, BETTY! WE'LL TRY TO REVIVE THEM, MISTER!



THEY T-TEACH US (SOB) THIS I-IN SCHOOL ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION! (SNIFF) OH!! HURRY BILLY—P-POOR MOTHER!

Y-YEAH @ I-I! DUNNO HOW DAT WORKS S-SHOW ME! SNIFF-(SNIFF)



AND AS FRESH, CLEAN AIR DRIVES OUT THE DEADLY FUMES OF GAS, AND WILLING HANDS WORK TIRELESSLY, A MIRACLE IS WROUGHT—A MIRACLE OF LIFE OVER DEATH—AND—



BANY ANXIOUS MOMENTS LATER—

PHEN! W-WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, MIKE?

AW-NUTTIN—I GUESS I MUSTA CAUGHT A COLD I GUESS (SNIFF)



IMMEDIATELY AFTER—

OH—THEY'RE SAFE! B-BUT THERE ARE FOUR TWINS! WHO ARE THE OTHER TWO?

WHAT IS ALL THIS? HAS MY HUSBAND RECOVERED? DID SOMEONE GIVE HIM THE ANTIDOTE?

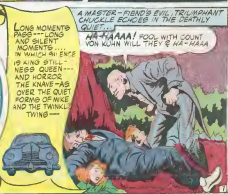


MR BAXTER? WHY... DIDN'T YOU KNOW? HE'S GONE... DISAPPEARED!

GONE? ANOS GONE! OH-HH!

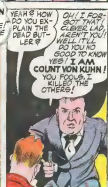








WITHOUT WARNING WITH AN ABRUPT LEAP...



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF TWINKLE TWINS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF GREEN HORNET COMICS!

ALL-NEW COMICS IS PROUD TO PRESENT

The Zebra

SENSATIONAL
MIGHTY MAN OF
ACTION — DIRECT FROM
GREEN HORNET COMICS!

as guest star for
one issue only in...



JOHN DOYLE, CONVICTED OF A CRIME HE DID NOT COMMIT, ESCAPES, PROVES HIS INNOCENCE, THEN PLEDGES HIS VERY LIFE TO TRACK DOWN CRIMINALS AND 5TH COLUMNISTS WHO OPERATE BEYOND THE LAW... READ THIS ALL-NEW STORY!!



The LAUGH sensations

THAT WILL
KEEP YOU IN A
GAY MOOD FOR AGES!



NEW
ISSUES
JUST
OUT!
GET YOUR
COPIES NOW!

HERE ARE 4 TOP-NOTCH
POCKET SIZE HUMOR
MAGS FOR ADULT
CIVILIANS AND MEN
AND WOMEN OF OUR
FIGHTING FORCES....

RIB
TICKLING
GAGS OF ARMY
AND NAVY LIFE
IN A GREAT
BIG DOSE!

only
15¢
worth
more!



NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS & P.X.'s

HEY FATTY!
I NEVER THOUGHT
WE'D HAVE SO MUCH
FUN UP HERE IN
ALASKA!

THIS
IS TH'
LIFE
!

MIGHTY MIDGETS

SEE ACTION
IN ALASKA

BETCHA
CAN'T
DO
THIS!

HEY! WOT'S
TH' BIG IDEA
?!

ART
HELFANT

... ALL YOU MEN GOT YOUR SKIES ON... FINE!
HERE YOU MIDGETS, GET INTO THESE
WHITE ROBES...

THESE ROBES
ARE TOO BIG,
SARGE!

MINE'S
AS BIG AS
A TENT!

IF YA PULL UP
TH' SLEEVES
AND LEGS
FELLAS IT
AIN'T SO
BAD -

YA MEAN
LIKE THIS,
FATTY
?

... HERE ARE
YOUR SKIES,
BOYS -

HEY! THESE
SKIES ARE
TOO BIG,
TOO!

AW, QUIT
BEEFIN'
SMARTY

WE CAN ALL GET ON
THIS ONE PAIR
OF SKIES, CAN'T
WE...

THAT'S
WOT WE'RE
DOIN'
BROTHER

EVERYBODY
SET ? LET'S
GET MOVIN'

DOWN
WE
GO!

SWOOSH!

YIPPEE!

I'LL BET WE'RE
BREAKING ALL
SPEED RECORDS

IF THAT'S ALL
WE'LL BREAK I
WON'T KICK -

IF YOU BREAK ANYTHING
ELSE YOU WON'T BE ABLE
TO KICK !

WISE
GUY
!

OH! OH! - THE SKIES -
THEY'RE SEPERATING!

- AND THOSE
BIG TREES
RIGHT
AHEAD !!

SMACKO!

ANYBODY
HURT
?

NO, BUT WE WOULD BE
IF IT WASN'T FOR
THIS SOFT SNOW

MY SKIEING
DAYS ARE
OVER !

DO YOU HEAR
WHAT I
HEAR,
SKINNY ?

SOMEBODY'S
CRYING FOR
HELP...!

HELP
!!



IT'S A GOOD THING
I HELD ON TO THIS
BIG WHITE ROBE...
IT'LL COME IN
MIGHTY HANDY

NOW ALL YOU MEN
STAY UNDER COVER
UNTIL WE GET BY
THOSE JAPS -

I'LL PEEK OUT JUST A
TEENY WEENY BIT AND TELL
YOU WHEN WE'VE
PASSED 'EM -

2!

THEY DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO MAKE OF
US! THEY MUST
THINK WE'RE
A NEW KIND
OF A GHOST!

...BUT THEY'RE
RIGHT BEHIND
US, WHICH
AIN'T GOOD

I SEE GOLIATH AND
OUR SOLDIERS! WE'RE
NEAR OUR CAMP..!

LET'S TURN ABOUT
AN' GIVE A SUDDEN
STOP FELLAS!!

STOP!

TH' JAPS WE
WERE LOOKIN'
FOR! RIGHT
IN OUR
LAPS
!

THAT
DID IT!

OKAY
MEN,
PICK 'EM
UP

EASY
PICKIN'S
EH, SARGE

WE TRIPPED
'EM UP
ALL RIGHT!

GOOD WORK, MIDGETS,
YOU HELPED US CAPTURE
THOSE JAPS IN
GREAT STYLE!

THANKS SARGE,
OUR ESKIMO FRIEND
AND HIS DOGS DESERVE
A LITTLE CREDIT
TOO -

NEVER MIND
CREDIT, ME TAKE
ESKIMO PIE,
YUM! YUM!!

MIGHTY
MIDGETS
HAVE
ANOTHER
THRILLING
ADVENTURE
IN STORE
FOR YOU
IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF
GREEN
HORNET
COMICS!

THE



GREEN HORNET

NIGHT IS HIS ALLY...OUT OF IT HE COMES TO DO BATTLE WITH AMERICA'S ENEMIES...THE MIGHTY MAN OF MYSTERY...FAMED GREEN HORNET! OUTLAWED BY A THANKLESS SOCIETY, HE DECIDES DEMOCRACY'S DESTINY IN THIS...THE MOST BAFFLING OF ALL HIS CASES...TITLED...PIGEONS AND PARACHUTES OF PERIL!!





IN THE DAILY SENTINEL EDITORIAL OFFICE 8:00N AFTER--

"LARGEST U.S. TANK ARSENAL MYSTERIOUSLY DEVASTATED BY EXPLOSIONS!" CHIEF... HUH? THAT'S TROUBLE!

ED, I WANT A PAGE ONE FEATURE, AND GET ME... SW? YES, MISS CAGE?

CHIEF! LONGTON JEEP ASSEMBLY PLANT... IT'S BEEN BLOWN UP!



HOLY SMOKE... ANOTHER PLANT? ED... HOLD THAT FEATURE! ALL OF YOU GET DOWN TO LONGTON... AND ACT LIKE REPORTERS! FORGET ABOUT CATCHING THE GREEN HORNET! HOP ON IT!



THE CHIEF'S SORE 'CAUSE THE HORNET SKUNKED US ON OUR LAST STORY!

GEE!

OKAY! OKAY! LET'S GET GOING!



IMMEDIATELY AFTER... IN A CORNER-STORE... AN URGENT PHONE CALL, AND...



...FROM AN INNOCENT SOB-STREET BUILDING, A SUPER-CAR ROARS... BLACK BEAUTY, WITH FAITHFUL KATO AT THE WHEEL!



MASTER N HURRY! I GO QUICK!

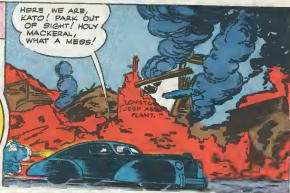
YOU MADE GOOD TIME, KATO... TO THE LONGTON JEEP FACTORY! FAST!



CAN DO, MR. BRITT!

OUT FROM THE CITY
WITH SIZZLING SPEED
FLASHES THE SUPER...
CAR....

HERE WE ARE,
KATO! PARK OUT
OF SIGHT! HOLY
MACKEREL,
WHAT A MESS!



TRYING TO FIND A CLUE
HERE IS THE HEIGHT OF
OPTIMISM! HMMM!



HMM...PART OF
A PARACHUTE
SHROUD...AND
STENCILLED
MARKINGS!
...UH...OH...
VOICES!

THERE
HE IS!
OVER
THERE!



HOLD IT!
WE'VE GOT
HIM!

OH BOY...
GREEN
HORNET!

HALT...
OR WE
SHOOT!

TRAPPED!
THE POLICE!



LET
HIM HAVE
IT!

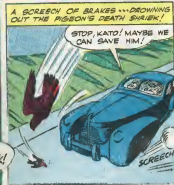
BANG!



WITH A GRIND OF GEARS, THE
SUPER CAR ROARS INTO
HIGH....

STEP ON
IT, KATO!

STOP!
STOP
OR...



INSIDE THE STORE....

WHAT CAN I DO FOR
Y... OH! THE GREEN
HORNET!

I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF
YOU CAN IDENTIFY
THE OWNER OF A
PIGEON IN SOME
WAY!

WHY, YES... OF COURSE! ALL PIGEON
FANCIERS HAVE SPECIAL MARKINGS
AND ARE LISTED IN THE DIRECTORY!
WHY DO YOU...
OH!!

TAKE
A LOOK
AT THIS
ONE AND...
HEY! WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
YOU?

IT'S M-MY
HEART... THAT'S
ALL! NO... I
DON'T RECOGNIZE
THESE M-MARKINGS!

HE'S
LYING!
HMM!!

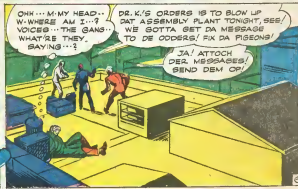
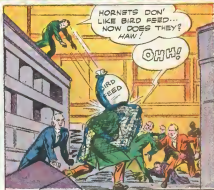
YOU'RE LYING! IDENTIFY
THAT PIGEON'S
MARKINGS OR
I'LL...

YOU MEAN
WE'LL, GREEN
HORNET! GRAB
'IM, BOYS!

DON'T
MISS! GANG
HIM!!

CALL THIS
'GIVING YOU
THE 6RD"
RATS!

UP!



DR. K& THAT CODE I
DECIPHERED... THE
CIPHER SIGNATURE
MEANT KAY! AND THEY
PLAN TO DESTROY THAT
PLANT TONIGHT! I MUST
GET FREE!

QUICKLY!
WE MUST
SEND
DOT
MESSAGE

STEADILY...



THEN...

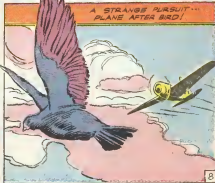
FREE AT
LAST! NOW
YOUR GAME
IS OVER!

WOW! THE
GREEN
HORNET'S
LOOSE!



DOWN...
DOWN...
TOWARDS
THE
STREET...
THE
MASKED
MAN OF
MYSTERY
IS GOING
TO HIS
DEATH!

THEN... MIRACULOUSLY...



OUT OVER OPEN SEA... THEN,
LONG AFTER...

IT'S LANDING
ON THAT
DESERTED
ISLAND! DO
YOU THINK...

CAN BE
SO, MR.
BRITT!

AT CLOSE RANGE... A
CONCEALED TUNNEL IN A
SHEER CLIFF WALL...

I DON'T KNOW
WHERE THIS
GOES... HOLD
TIGHT, KATO!

DOWN INTO THE CAVERNS
OF THE EARTH FLIES
THE GREEN HORNET!

WITHOUT WARNING THE TUNNEL ENDS
IN A TREMENDOUS CHAMBER!

AN UNDER-
GROUND
HANGAR! WHAT'S
THAT? LAND
MINES-- GLIDERS
TO CARRY THEM--
AND A CATAPULT!
WHAT A SET-
UP!

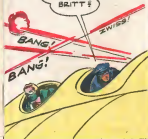
HIMMEL! A
PLANE-- WE
HAPP BEEN
DISCOVERED!

ACHTUNG!
IT IS THE
GREEN
HORNET!
DESTROY
HIM!

SO THAT'S
'DR. K.'! I
RECOGNIZE
HIM! HE'S...

SUDDENLY BULLETS START WHIZZING FROM ALL SIDES...

WHAT WE DO, MR. BRITT!



USE YOUR HEAD...AND IF YOU CAN'T DO THAT...USE YOUR PROPELLER!

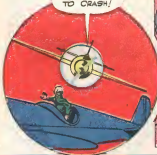


BUT, THEN KATO SEES...

LOOK, MR. BRITT... DR. K. IS GETTING AWAY!



HOLD ON, KATO... WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!



SHORTLY AFTER... A FAMILIAR FIGURE STAGGERS FROM THE WRECKAGE...

WELL, KATO... IT LOOKS LIKE THE GOOD DR. K. IS NO LONGER WITH US!



HE'S DEAD FOR SURE! HMM... THIS PAPER HAS A LIST OF PLANTS TO BE DESTROYED! DR. K. WAS REALLY DR. KRANZ, KATO... A PROMINENT MUNITIONS EXPERT! HIS MEN FLEW THOSE MINES OVER THE PLANTS AND THEN BOOM!! ...LEFT NO TRACE!



LATER, AT THE DAILY SENTINEL...

SOLVED OR NOT, I TELL YOU, BOSS, THE GREEN HORNET WAS MIXED UP IN THIS SABOTAGE!

OH...YOU'VE JUST GOT HORNETS ON YOUR MIND! FORGET IT!



FORGET IT?...NOT ME! NOT THAT GREEN SOON! I'LL RUN HIM DOWN! AXFORD GETS HIS MAN! JUST WATCH ME, CHIEF!



FOLLOW THE GREEN HORNETS NEXT FIGHT FOR FREEDOM IN 'GREEN HORNET COMICS'! GET YOUR COPY NOW!

STORY behind the COVER

Along the Kiel docks, large German crowds were gathered. They cheered as out to sea, out from under the concrete mooring pens, slid ominous and black cigar-shaped vessels—deadly U-boats . . . U-Boats!

The hatch slammed shut on one after another of the submersibles. They dipped their bows . . . thirty seconds later, the sea's surface was without ripples; the U-boats were down in their element.

* * *

It was three weeks later, in a large Eastern Seaboard metropolis. Britt Reid hurried past the Classified Advertising office of his own newspaper. His mind was full of the million details which involve the daily publication of a great newspaper such as **THE DAILY SENTINEL**.

Suddenly Britt turned. A thin quavering voice was saying, "Yeess . . . I wish to have you publish this ad every day for a week. Every day, you hear. And in the largest type you possess, young man . . ." A very old woman, Britt saw, was paying the Classified clerk with a large bill.

Britt stood for a moment, thinking. He asked himself, what is so strange, so startling in seeing an old woman order classified advertising in his own paper?

The elderly lady snapped shut her old-fashioned pocketbook and swept past Britt who still stood, staring. She gave a quick upward jerk of her jaw as her eyes beneath a heavy veil swept him, as if in disapproval. There was a swish of starched skirts, and she was gone.

The clerk looked out through her cage at Britt. "Anything wrong, Mr. Reid?" she asked. "You look so strange . . ."

Britt looked up. "Huh—" he said, and then he realized he had been standing as if paralyzed. He felt confused. "Er

. . . let me see that ad that old woman just gave you," he told the clerk, and reached in through the cage opening.

"Hmm . . ." Britt mumbled, after scanning the typewritten advertisement. He spun on his heels, and threw the paper back to the surprised clerk—all in one motion.

He ran out of the building. He sped to a corner, west of the building. No one . . . he thought. But as he turned, he saw out of his eye's corner, a large sleek limousine race towards the east. Britt wasted no motion. He reached into his pocket . . . extracted a slim, metal whistle. In the afternoon quiet, a weird, shrill thin sound was suddenly, sharply audible—it was the hummmm of an angry insect, to be more specific it was the **HORNET SIGNAL!**

No more than a minute could have elapsed . . . when from about a corner, with a great and mighty hummmm roared famed, fast **BLACK BEAUTY**, super-car, vehicle of the equally famed **MAN OF MIGHT—GREEN HORNET!** Faithful Kato at the wheel stared impassively ahead as out of a doorway leaped Green Hornet, no longer the crusading publisher, Britt Reid, but now the fearless masked man of mystery!

"Got here in time, Kato—step on it. After that limousine!"

* * *

It was growing dark . . .

All about the vast docks, in the shadows cast by loading freighters, there was a quiet buzz of lowered voices, some sharp in command, others soft in obeying. At another dock, two vast ex-luxury liners were moored. Up steeply-tilted gangplanks long columns of silent men moved—U.S. troops! For this was the highly-guarded, vitally important **PORT OF EMBARKATION!** A stentorian voice rang clear in the night — "Attention! Prepare to cast off! Convoy prepare to cast off!"

Movements became swifter; cranes swung faster; hatches were slammed loudly shut. This was zero hour . . . zero hour for the convoy's cargo of men and

machines . . . the whole of a TASK FORCE!

The sea was calm, as calm as the Atlantic ever can be. Not a thing was in sight, except for the ever-present gulls . . . Then, up from below, as if propelled by a gigantic Neptunian hand, came long and black sleek steel hulls. The U-Boats broke water in perfect formation, and in the kind shroud of night, sped shorewise . . .

* * *

Green Hornet laid a hand on Kato's arm. "It's no use, Kato," he said. "We've lost that limousine. . . ." He narrowed his eyes and stared about the dock area.

It was deserted now. The cranes were no longer busily lifting and dropping; Green Hornet peered through Black Beauty's windshield, out to sea, out past the pier ends before which the mighty car was parked. He pointed. "Kato! Look—"

Out at sea, leagues beyond the docks, the convoy was barely visible—almost lost in the mist. Kato grinned. "But Hornet . . . what you worry about? The old lady . . . I do not understand! What she has to do with—"

"Hmm . . . I-I don't really know, Kato. All I know is that the ad she placed in my paper was mysterious. . . . It asked all owners of pleasure boats — motorboats — to sell them. And she offered fantastically-high prices for these boats. Now, I ask you Kato, what would an old lady want with MOTORBOATS! MANY EXPENSIVE MOTORBOATS — WHEN GASOLINE IS SO HARD TO OBTAIN?"

Hornet sat quietly, deep in thought, as Kato examined his master's strong, masked face.

A moment passed. Then suddenly, Green Hornet hit his fist with his palm. "I-I think I know, Kato. COME ON!" He leaped from the car, and ran to the dock. Kato followed mystified.

Then without warning out of the night came sinister sound . . . as suddenly there appeared a fleet of high-power-

ed motorboats. In the cabin of the lead boat, an old woman was visible.

Green Hornet froze in amazement. "I thought so," he whispered, "Madame Krieg the master spy, Kato! THAT'S HER!"

Then out of the night a U-Boat also appeared. It headed straight for the silent, deserted troopship.

Kato recoiled. "Nazis—NAZIS, Hornet! W-What WE do—?"

Before the question could be answered, the lead boat pulled in close to the dock. The old woman's face was malignant as she pointed to Green Hornet's racing forward figure. She raised a huge Luger.

Hornet dived as she fired. He slashed out with steely fists as Kato engaged the other Nazis.

It was a terrible scene, for the Man of Mystery was locked in deadly battle with a woman twice his age! "S-Sorry," Hornet muttered. "Woman, old or not, you're as deadly as a cobra!"

The boat surged forward, out of control. Straight ahead on the U-Boat which was maneuvering into torpedo position opposite the helpless troopship, there was consternation.

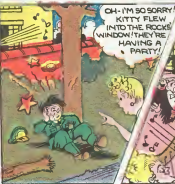
The old woman lifted a knife. She swung at Hornet who deftly ducked, and she followed through against empty air. There was a thin, aged shriek as the elderly master Nazi agent went overboard.

Hornet turned and leaped to Kato's aid. His iron-hard fists smashed and smashed without let-up. Nazis recoiled, recoiled without any betterment however, for the green-garbed grappler gave no quarter . . .

It was all over in a minute. And then as the other boats followed in pursuit, and the dark shiny submarine loomed ahead, Hornet gave the order to jump. A second after they hit the water, there was terrific, blinding explosion, as the out-of-control boat smashed its prow into the U-Boat . . .

Later . . . on the dock, dripping wet, Hornet gripped Kato's hand "Thanks" was all he said. . . . "Thanks, Kato Now, let's go!"





The ZEBRA

WHO HASN'T HEARD OF THE WORM THAT TURNED? YES, THIS WE KNOW WELL, BUT LESSER KNOWN IS THE REASON FOR THE SUDDEN TURNING! HERE IS JUST SUCH A TALE... FOR IN THIS BIZARRE ADVENTURE, THE FAMOUS ZEBRA, STRIPED STRIKER FOR RIGHT, LEARNS THE REASON IN THIS TALE TITLED "THE JACKAL'S REVENGE!"



OUR STORY BEGINS IN FEDERAL SHIPYARD... A PLACE ROARING WITH SOUND, TEEMING WITH UNDED ACTIVITY.

WALL HIGH UP AT THE CRANE



DOWN ON THE GROUND... SPLIT SECONDS
LATER... STARK HORROR!

HA, HA!
DOWN SHE
GOES... ALL
RIGHT
DOWN!



THAT EVENING... EARLY EDITIONS
CARRY AN ALL TOO FAMILIAR TALE
OF **TERROR!**

JACKAL STRIKES AGAIN!



LATER THAT SAME NIGHT IN THE DANGY
OFFICE OF JOHN DOYLE, ONCE GREAT
BUT NOW DISBARRED ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

I KNOW JOHN...
BUT HOW? THE
POLICE... THEY'VE
FAILED!



GALLOPING GAZELLES!
MARY, THIS HAS GOT TO
STOP! THIS FIEND WHO
CALLS HIMSELF THE
JACKAL WILL DIS-
RUPT OUR WHOLE
WAR EFFORTS!



'BYE, MARY! SEE YOU
LATER!

J-JOHN,
WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

MAYBE THE
POLICE HAVE FAILED
BUT THE ZEBRA
WON'T POOR MARY
SHE DOESN'T KNOW
THE ZEBRA AND
I AM ONE!



IMMEDIATELY
AFTER... IN AN
OBSCURE HALLWAY
OVER JOHN DOYLE
COMES AN AMAZING
CHANGE... AS HE
DVESTS OUTER
CLOTHING TO REVEAL
RECKONED
ZEBRA, NIMBLE
NEMESIS OF
EVIL THEN.



WITH THE ELEGANT GRACE OF HIS NAME-
SAKE... OFF INTO THE MOONFUL NIGHT!



Y-YEOW! L-LOOK..
T-THE PLATFORM..
I-I'LL..
OOOHH!

R-RUN!
IT'S THE
JACKAL
AGAIN!

BUT ALL OVER THE CITY,
SNEPT ALONG FROM TONGUE
TO TONGUE AS FIRE BEFORE
A WIND. . . RUMOR, AND ITS
HANDMAIDEN FEAR. . . CATCH THE
POPULATION IN DREAD CLUTCHES.



HYSTERICAL NEWS BROADCASTS FAN
THE FLAMES. . .



WAR PRODUCTION
IS FALLING!

WAR WORKERS
FEAR FOR LIVES!
DEMAND ACTION!



JACKAL STRIKE
ONCE MORE
KILLS IN NEW
JACKAL STRIKE

THE JACKAL!



MEANWHILE. . . AGAINST THE MOON, A
MUSCULAR BLACK AND WHITE FIGURE
POISES. . .



"SO FAR, SO GOOD.
NO ONE SPOTTED
ME AS YET"

THEN DROPS
LIGHTLY DOWN TO
FIND. . .



OH. GALLOPING
GAZELLES. SPOTTED!



OOOHHH. . . I-IT'S ZEBRA!
D-DON'T (GULP) H-HIT ME
ZEBRA (GULP) P-PLEASE
D-DON'T

SKIP
THAT!
WHAT CAN
YOU TELL ME
ABOUT THE
JACKAL?





"T-THE JACKAL? OHN! HE'S A F-FIEND... HE'LL KILL EVEN YOU!"
LOOK AT HIM GO, THE COYOTE!

CAREFULLY ZEBRA SEARCHES FOR A CLUE... SEARCHES ENDLESSLY YET FRUITLESSLY... WHEN WITHOUT WARNING.



NOT A CLUE... NO ONE IN SIGHT EXCEPT THAT OLD WATCHMAN.



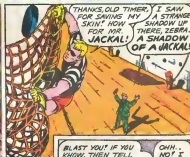
WATCH OUT! BEHIND YOU!"
W-WHAT...

DOWN FROM ABOVE A LIFE-RRAFT... VESSEL OF MERCY ON A MISSION OF DEATH...



CLOSE!

WITHOUT PAUSE... INTO ACTION GOES NIMBLE ZEBRA!



THANKS, OLD TIMER. I SAW FOR SAVING MY A STRANGE SKIN! HOW A SHADOW UP THERE, ZEBRA. JACKAL! A SHADOW OF A JACKAL!



BUT... HE IS CLEVER... HE MADE A CLEAN GET-AWAY... MMM. NO SENSE IN REMAINING UP HERE... I'LL GO DOWN AND TALK WITH THAT OLD WATCHMAN!



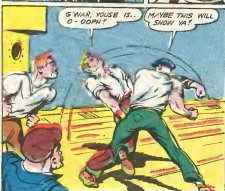
DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE JACKAL?"
ZEBRA THAT JACKAL FELLER'S A NAZI SABOTEUR! TAKE IT FROM AN OLD GENT LIKE ME! I KNOW ALL ABOUT HIM, I SURE DOES!



BLAST YOU! IF YOU KNOW, THEN TELL ME! THE JACKAL'S THREATENING OUR WHOLE WAR PROGRAM. AND YOU STAND THERE SHOOTING OFF YOUR MOUTH! HMM... YOU SEEM TO KNOW TOO MUCH! MAYBE YOU'RE ON GOOD TERMS WITH THE FURRY RAT!"
OH... NO! I SWEAR IT, ZEBRA. LEGGO! I SWEAR IT!"



AND SO... THE MYSTERY OF THE JACKAL STILL GOES UNSOLVED... WITH EVEN MIGHTY ZEBRA RENDERED NOT A CLUE... NOT A TRACE OF THE CRUTTY CRIMINAL REMAINS... NOTHING BUT THE MEMORY OF MY DEADLY DEEDS



A FEW MOMENTS LATER... BUSILY AT WORK
WELDING PLATES IN THE HOLD OF THE SHIP, WHILE ABOVE...



WITHOUT WARNING!... A GRATING SOUND
FROM BEHIND! AND THEN...



DOWN, WITH A TERRIBLE HISS... LIVE
SKIN SEARING-LUNG-RASPING
STEAM!!



A CLEVER MANEUVER...
HIMBLE-WITTED ZEBRA
FASHIONS HIS ESCAPE!



SHORT SECONDS AFTER... SCALING
THE UNFINISHED SHIP'S SIDE...



THROUGH THE AIR WITH ANIMAL-LIKE FURY...
MIGHTY ZEBRA DIVES!



A DEADLY STRUGGLE FOR POSSESSION OF
THE VAPOROUS DEATH, FOR LIVE STEAM KILLS ON
CONTACT!



BUT THE THROBBING STEAM HOSE
AS AN ALLY OF THE DEADLY FURRY
KILLER ENTWINES ABOUT THE
ZEBRA'S ANKLES... AND...

OH-OH! T-THE
HOSE..I-IT'S

SHALL WE SAY...
FORTUNATE
FOR ME?



HA HA!
LUCK IS ON
MY SIDE!

OH! GALLOPING
GAZELLES...I-I'M
FALLI...
OOOHHHHH!



DAZED, AS ZEBRA
RECOVERS... FRESH NEW
TIMBERS BURST INTO
FLAME AS STEAM
FROM THE THROBBING
HOSE PLAYS ON THEM.

OHNNH...I-I'VE GOT TO
CATCH THAT DIRTY...OHNN
THE TIMBER...IT'S
BURNING!



AND IN THE GRAND INTERVAL

THE JACKAL'S ESCAPED!
BUT I COULDN'T LET THE
WHOLE SHIPYARD CATCH FIRE!
HERE, MEN... TAKE
OVER! FIRE'S
ALMOST OUT!

THANK
HEAVENS,
ZEBRA! YOU
SAVED THE
YARD!



SHORTLY AFTER...AS THE ZEBRA
RECONSIDERS THE SHIPYARD...
SEARCHING...A TRAIL...A
BLOODY TRAIL...LEADING...

GALLOPING GAZELLES! BLOOD!
AHN...THOUGHT I NICKED THE
FURRY RAT! HMM...LEADS
DOWN INTO THE SUBCELLAR
BENEATH THE
WAYS, EH?



DOWN BELOW...OMINOUSLY BLOOMY
OMINOUSLY GUNET...

GOT TO WATCH MY STEP
DOWN HERE! THAT JACKAL'S
A CRAFTY CHARACTER.
WHAT'S THAT?



THE JACKAL'S LITTLE
PLAY-SUIT! HMM...WRISTS
BLOODED...HMM...THINK
I'LL CHANGE BACK
DOWN HERE...RIGHT
NOW!



SOON AFTER...A FEARFUL
WORKER...ONCE SWAGGERINGLY
TIDISH...ASKS FOR TIME

HAN! AFRAID OF THE
JACKAL, EH? WELL,
CAN'T SAY AS I BLAME
YOU, SIR. A LOT OF MEN
ARE AFRAID ON HIM!
HMMPH!

THOSE
SLEEVES...
DIDN'T
HAVE THEM
BEFORE!
I WONDER



I THOUGHT SO! A
BANDAGED WRIST!
SO YOU'RE THE
JACKAL!

W-WHAT?
OOOH
TRICKED!!



CORNERED THE KILLER MAKES A LAST ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE...



BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET!



WE'LL LET THE ZEBRA TAKE CARE OF YOU!

SWIFTLY IN PURSUIT... GOES MIGHTY ZEBRA!



COME AND GET ME, FOOL IF YOU DARE!

NOW WHAT IS HE UP TO? OH! I SEE!

A TRIUMPHANT, GURGLING LAUGH AS THE MASTER CRIMINAL PLAYS HIS TRUMP CARD!



HA HA HO HAH! YOU'RE DUE FOR A FALL HUMPTY DUMPTY!

I-I-GALLOPING GAZELLES... I-I'M FALLING!

BUT IN MID-AIR ZEBRA EXHIBITS HIS ACROBATIC SKILL IN A DARING, MUSCLE-TEARING MANEUVER!



H-HOPE THIS WORKS!

THEN UP... AND OVER... DEFYING GRAVITATION!



BACK! S-STAY BACK! OR I'LL...

GET A GOOD HOT RIVET, JACKAL, FOR HERE I COME!

THE STRIPED STRIKER FOR RIGHT... CONTACTS!



MUST BE SOME MULE IN ME!

YAAAAAA!

LATER... A TIMID SOUL'S REAL CHARACTER COMES TO THE FORE IN AN AMAZING CONFESSION!



CUT IT, MEN! I'M TAKING HIM TO THE POLICE! IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU ALL BULLYING THE POOR GUY, THIS MIGHT NEVER HAVE HAPPENED! STAND BACK, I SAY!

THEY ALL P-PICKED ON ME BECAUSE I WAS S-SMALL AND W-WEAK! (SCB) I-I ONLY WANTED TO PROVE I C-COULD BE AS B-BRUTAL AS T-THEY WERE TO ME... ALL OF THEM THERE IN THE YARDST! OHN! H-NOW! (SCB, SCB) I'LL HANG!

HOURS LATER... IN JOHN DOYLE'S DINGY OFFICE...



SO THE JACKAL WAS MERELY A PSYCHOLOGICAL KILLER... PROVING HE COULD BE TOUGH... G-GOSH... THAT'S AMAZING, JOHN!

HE SURE IS!

IF MARY ONLY KNEW!

ZEBRA SURE IS UNCANNY, ISN'T HE?

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11. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1039-1043.

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